CIM

magazine

IFV... What?

By Alyska Bailey

You hold in your hands an issue of Cin magazine, the biannual publication of the Independent Film and Video Collaborative.

The IFVC is a collection of UW-Madison students, faculty, staff, and Madison community members who are interested in all aspects of the film and video world, be it producing it, teaching it, writing about it, or simply enjoying it. We've been around in one form or another for more than fifteen years.

Some of the members are avid filmmakers, coordinating the production of our collaborative shorts. Many write for the magazine that you're holding in your hands right now. Still more are present at our meetings, week after week, providing us with their opinions and creative ideas.

Every year we put on film and video open shows, public screenings of student and non-student work that would remain otherwise unseen to the general public. We cosponsor the Student Competition of the Wisconsin Film Festival for much the same reason - to get work out and seen.

When equipment and creativity allow, we also produce our own short films, and help coordinate the solicitation of film professionals from all over for lectures and workshops.

We publish biannual issues of Cin, and are continually looking for writers and artists to contribute. Cin will keep you informed of our projects and events, provide insights from IFVC members, and promote the Madison filmmaking community.

For those interested in becoming involved, the group meets every Thursday during the academic year at 5:30pm in room 3160 Vilas Hall, 821 University Avenue. If you have any questions, feel free to contact me at alyska@cs.wisc.edu, or visit our web site: http://www.sit.wisc.edu/~ifvc/

cin

editor
Alyska Bailey

art design
Martha Monroe

design/layout
Owen Williams
Jeff Peterson

contributors
Tori Anderson
Alyska Bailey
Colin Cameron
Merry Chen
Matt Fanale
Maya Gutiérrez
Sandy Lucas
Jeffrey Gray Miller
Martha Monroe
Eric Oehler
Emily Rumsey
Robin Schmoldt

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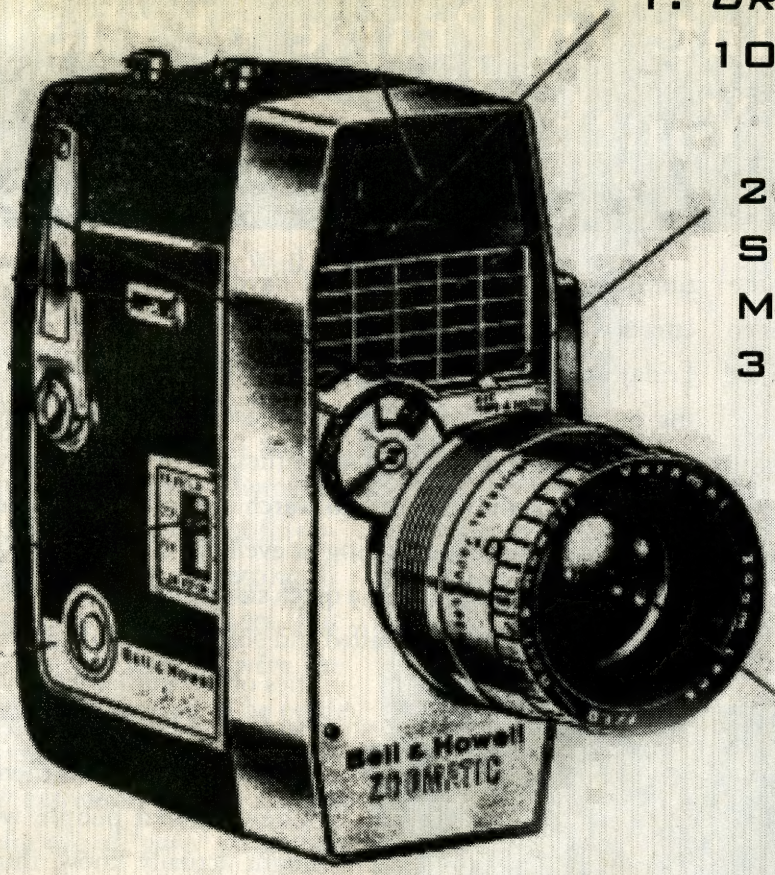

1. *CREATE IT.* A FILM OR VIDEO, 10 MIN IN LENGTH OR LESS.

2. *SUBMIT IT.* IFVC OPEN SHOWS DEADLINE: THURS. MAY 2, 5:30PM, ROOM 3160 VILAS HALL.

ALL FORMATS ACCEPTED; 8MM MUST BE ON VIDEO.

3. *SEE IT.* OPEN VIDEO SHOW, FRI. MAY 10. OPEN FILM SHOW, SAT. MAY 11. BOTH SHOWS, 7:30PM, 4070 VILAS HALL.

2002 Cin Festival Issue ~ Table of Contents

IFV...What?.....page 2
A Meandering Rant: In Praise of the B-Movies of My Youth.....page 4
On the Scene in Park City: Two Nobodies from Madison Hobnob with the Stars.....page 6
A Raging Fan Sees "'Rouge".....page 8
The Process.....page 10
Dancing with the Camera.....page 12
Midwest Repertory Movie House : The Gene Siskel Film Center, Chicago.....page 14
Student Shorts at the Wisconsin Film Festival.....page 15
Thinking of the General.....page 16
Joe Beres Bolts Madison .....page 17
Really Geeky Review: Monty Python and the Holy Grail Special Edition DVD.....page 18
Sur mes Levres.....page 20
Richard Linklater is the (Semi-Studio) Indie Director of the Year.....page 21
Help, I Think I'm OD'ing on Nostalgia!.....page 22
Coming to America: Anime in the United States.....page 23

A Meandering Rant: In Praise of the B-Movies Of My Youth

By Matt Fanale

Kids today got no respect for nudity. These days, with the all-too-prominent Internet, adolescent minds have but to click on a mouse to find all the taboos of the world. Not to sound like some old fogey (Christ, I'm 27) but in *my* day, the sensual forms of soft-core nude figures humping away unrealistically (though I had no idea at the time) was a sight to be cherished — no, worshipped — because they were simply really hard to find.

Back then, we didn't have access to the same images. I'm talking late 80's, early '90s here folks. Our only outlets were two things: Cable television stations and lenient video store clerks.

Rhonda Shear

Back then were the true days of idiotic cinema. "American Pie?" "Road Trip?" "Sorority Boys?" All washed up, hack versions of the true sexist, homophobic and sometimes downright stupidly racist soft core B-movies I loved and grew up on. USA's "Up All Night" with Rhonda Shear (and UAN's funnier, far less buxom Saturday host Gilbert Gottfried) was a goldmine of edited sex romps, toned down enough to get by censors but vivid enough to still make a hormonally charged group of curious boys wonder.

And HBO? Showtime? CINEMAX? With the help of a handy cable guide ("Hey guys, this one's got 'adult situations,' 'nudity' AND it's foreign! Paydirt!"), no trashy cinema was safe. My friends and I would get together every Friday and Saturday at one of two houses, totally depending on whether Showtime (my house) or Cinemax (my pal's house) had better late-night flicks. On a busy night, we'd map out the channels to watch and our eyes would pop to Simpsons-like bulging at even the slightest giggly hint of a nekkid form. (On a quick side note, these women also didn't look like the buffed and polished bulimic atrocities of femininity we have today. Hell, B-movies couldn't **afford** them then. They showed people we might actually know, thus making it that much more interesting for a sexually deprived lad or lass.)

Now, before any of you fine readers think this is some weird masturbatory confessional, it's not. This is all **way** before those days for us. And that's the point: for the most part, we didn't even know what "that" was. And you could semi-innocently watch every movie in those days and still not really know what was going down (no pun intended).

Now? Forget about it.

And there were the kings of trashy sex flicks, too. The glorious "Porky's" and "Emmanuelle" franchises aside,

there were Zalman King's "Wild Orchid" and "Zandalee" were true sensual sleaze. Greasy Mickey Rourke (aka The "9 1/2 Weeks" God) and Carre Otis may very well have been having actual sex in the Big Scene, but who cared considering how god-awful the movie was to begin with? Well, WE did. And "Zandalee"? A little-seen treasure (now understandably so) starring Nicholas Cage and some random nymphet where the audience has the unfortunate privilege of getting to see Judge Reinhold's ass. But these, my friends, were the sacrifices needed to be made in pursuit of a stray nipple or, if extremely lucky, a slight glimpse of *gasp* pubic hair! I won't even get into the pathetic lottery I felt I won when I finally caught "Hamburger: The Movie" or "Revenge of the Nerds."

I used to relish these films like Madonna relished hot wax in Uli Edel's catastrophic 'Body of Evidence,' a B-grade rip-off of one of the kings of Trash Cinema- 'Basic Instinct,' possibly the most profitable B-movie in A-film sheep's clothing. I used to drink the immature, bawdy wine of these flicks like I was Bacchus. These films shaped my sad, warped views of early female courtship entirely too much, but luckily a strong feminist matriarch (aka my "Mommy") verbally lashed me every time I said something stupid in that regard, thus setting me back on track.

Looking back, these film's were probably the main reason my friends and I **didn't** have girlfriends, but I found it funny years later that many of my female friends, at the same time, were watching the EXACT same movies and curious about the exact same things. And while this rant may seem like a slightly perverted version of the Wonder Years, it was interesting to me that neither gender was aware of this common activity until neither party had that cinematic curiosity any more... mostly because we actually learned how to hook up with each other and figure it out for ourselves.

Before today's Internet and the intimate anatomy lessons it teaches with a tiny click on a pulsating link, soft-core B-movies ruled the earth like some voluptuous, slapstick-ridden, moronic dinosaur. It's a shame they died out like they did, because they're certainly a lot more fun than what has become the evolved substitution—almost responsible, pseudo-shocking flicks with "messages," "actors" and "plots." Or worse, still starring 80s B-Queen Shannon Tweed.

Damn them. Damn them all to hell. Give me back my "Bikini Car Wash 28: Still All Wet" and give it back now!

IFVC t-shirts are here!
featuring this handy logo on the front of a midnight blue t-shirt
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On the Scene in Park City: Two Nobodies From Madison Hobnob with the Stars

By Sandy Lucas and Maya Gutiérrez

SL: If you thought the Sundance Film Festival was only for movie stars, film directors, CEOs and really rich, attractive people, think again— I was there, rubbing elbows with the VIPs and scouting films for the 4th Annual Wisconsin Film Festival.

MG: I tagged along, for no other reason than my great love of film and my need for a vacation. After landing at the Salt Lake City airport, I hopped on a shuttle to Park City (official headquarters of the Sundance Film Festival and countless other spin-off fests). I was lucky enough to share a shuttle with Mark Borchardt and Mike Schank (American Movie), who were at Sundance starring in the film Britney Baby -- One More Time. Mark showed me the restraining order he'd taken out on his ex-girlfriend ("That bitch can't come near me") and also expressed his need for a beer.

Mark Borchardt, Angel Benton, Mike Schank

SL: During my first jaunt up Main Street (a hill three times steeper than Bascom and at an altitude of 7500 ft!), I made eye contact with everyone I passed, eagerly awaiting a celebrity encounter. Mere minutes into my breathless hike, I spotted Kyra Sedgewick, outfitted all in black and surrounded by two ladies-in-waiting. That sighting was closely followed by glimpses of Matthew McCounaghey's backside, Mark Ruffalo with his baby daughter, and master-of-ceremonies Bob Redford (no, his bad skin doesn't at all detract from his sex appeal).

MG: The most exciting screening we attended was Better Luck Tomorrow, a movie which had already achieved "buzz" status by the time we saw it, so the theater was packed solid. Festival Director Geoffrey Gilmore introduced the film himself, noting that it had the best-looking cast of any film at Sundance, a fact that Sandy and I would be happy to verify. During the Q&A session, one disgruntled viewer voiced his disgust over the "amorality" of the characters only to be interrupted by an angry Roger Ebert, who vehemently defended the film. (For the whole story, check out Ebert's web site, http://www.suntimes.com/output/eb-feature/cst-ftr-ebert18.html)

SL: On the third day of our stay, I woke up with nasty red blotch in the corner of my eyeball, which migrated left as the week wore on. Perhaps it was caused by sleep deprivation, or seeing five films per day, but I was finally forced to conquer my fear of eye drop application. Luckily the unsightly red spot dissipated by the eve of the Slamdance Closing Night Party.

MG: The aspect of Sundance I enjoyed the most were the Q&A sessions after every film, in which the director would stand at the front of the theater, usually accompanied by the entire cast. I wish I could have that experience on a regular basis, but I guess I'll have to wait until Sundance 2003.

SL: By the last Saturday of the Festival I was pretty pooped out. The onset of the weekend meant that all the "normal" people from Salt Lake City drove in to partake in the festivities, so screenings and shuttles were even more packed then usual. The newcomers were easily distinguishable because they were the ones still laughing at the monotonous Sundance trailer, whereas the rest of us had been suffering through it five times a day for a week and no longer found it remotely amusing.

Needless to say, though, Sundance was an unbeatable experience, and proof that you don't need a SAG card, a press pass, or even a cell phone to live it up in Park City. I do, however, recommend bringing a watch that glows in the dark.

Some Films To Watch For:

Better Luck Tomorrow- Justin Lin's capable direction and his talented young cast bring boundless energy to this unique and engaging twist on the "teen movie," while finally providing Asian-Americans with an entire script full of interesting, three-dimensional roles.

Amandla!- This uplifting, three-hankie documentary about the music inspired by South Africa's struggle to end apartheid is goose bump-inducing. Keep an eye out for the soundtrack, which is sure to achieve Buena Vista Social Club-like success.

Hollywood Hong Kong- Full of delectable sex scenes involving 400-pound men, sewer water, and roasting pork, Fruit Chan's strange-yet-endearing film features the most hilarious limb-reattachment scene ever made. Stars the fat guy who morphs into Tyra Banks in Michael Jackson's "Black or White" video!

Tears of the Black Tiger- Sure to be an instant cult classic. This is Thailand's version of the Spaghetti Western (a Pad Thai Western?), an outrageously campy parody of 50s movies loaded with over-the-top violence and people exploding in slow-mo.

Love Liza- Features a devastating performance by the brilliant Philip Seymour Hoffman (who unfortunately was absent at the Q&A!). Actor-turned-director Todd Louiso (the skinny guy in High Fidelity) handles Gordy Hoffman's award-winning screenplay with amazing wit and compassion.

Better Luck Tomorrow

A Raging Fan Sees "Rouge"

By Merry Chen

Every year, at the beginning of the year, the film community buzzes with excitement over the announcement of the nominees for the Academy Awards. Normally, I don't give it any more attention than I would a piece of lint that I find in my pocket. Knowing the list of nominees never seems to be useful or fulfilling—I actually like the element of not knowing until they go, "...and the nominees are," because then it wouldn't seem redundant to me; I'd actually be paying attention when they go through those silly film clips or cutaways of the nominees' faces. There would also be a lack of the anxiety of whether the actor or film I like is going to beat out the other contenders. Basically, I want the whole Oscar experience in one night, not dragged out over months of speculation and anticipation.

This year, however, I was bored enough to read a magazine article listing the various nominees for the Oscars. What I found was a great bunch of movies and filmmakers that, in my opinion, were worthy of the praise they have received...and then there was that one little thing that ticked me off.

Here are the nominees for Best Director: Ron Howard, David Lynch, Robert Altman, Ridley Scott, and Peter Jackson. Now these are all great directors and lots of people know their work and respect them — I am not an exception. Nevertheless, I am disappointed at the Academy's decision to exclude Mr. Baz Luhrmann from this group.

Ever since I saw "Moulin Rouge" last summer, I knew that it was going to be one of the best movies of the year; I also knew that nearly everyone in that theatre was going to agree with me. Surely there is no need for me to explain why it should draw such high appraisals from me—those who saw it would certainly understand. Now before people start thinking that I'm just another Roger Ebert-wannabe whose judgment of the film has no validity whatsoever, let me just point out that the film itself has won a Golden Globe for Best Motion Picture Musical or Comedy and it has also been nominated by the Academy for Best Picture this year.

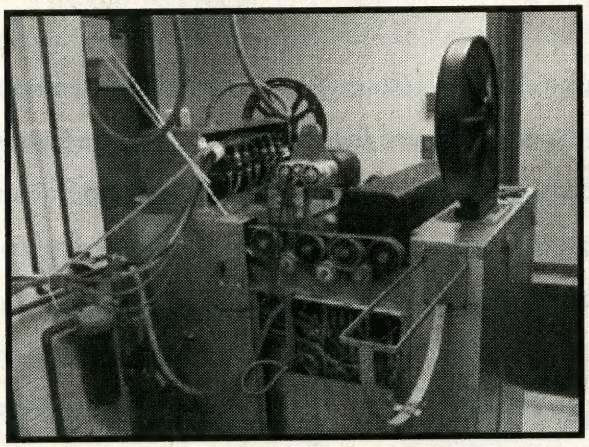
So, okay, if it has already gotten a nomination for Best Picture, what am I so worked up about? Well, the whole

reason why "Moulin Rouge" was so spectacular and so fresh was the fact that Luhrmann was the man behind the picture. Without him, there would've been no "Moulin Rouge." Who else could have thought up of the romantically tragic story that is above all about love? What other crazy person would think that he could revive the musical genre with '80s music? Have you seen the editing in this film? What about the sets and costumes? If you've seen any other Baz Luhrmann films ("William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet", "Strictly Ballroom"), you'd know that these things are distinctly Lurhmann. Therefore, my point is, "Moulin Rouge" would never be what it is without this particular man's direction. To say that the film was one of the best this year while ignoring the one man who contributed the most to it is appalling. To be cheated out of an Oscar nomination has got to be the worst insult that Luhrmann could have gotten from the film community. (And Robert Altman? What's up with that? A monkey could put a camera in a room full of great British actors and get a great movie.) As a fan, I must complain—even if there is no way to alter the situation; even if no one really cares what I think; even if...if...if I'm just wasting paper and ink!

So there ends my tirade. I hope that this pointless rambling has at least served the purpose of amusing a few people out there who had unfortunately chosen to read this article. You can now go back to your normal lives (unless, of course, if you haven't seen the movie. In that case, you would have to go see it and then go back to your regular lives.) And, oh yeah, go buy the DVD, I hear there are a lot of great bonuses on it.

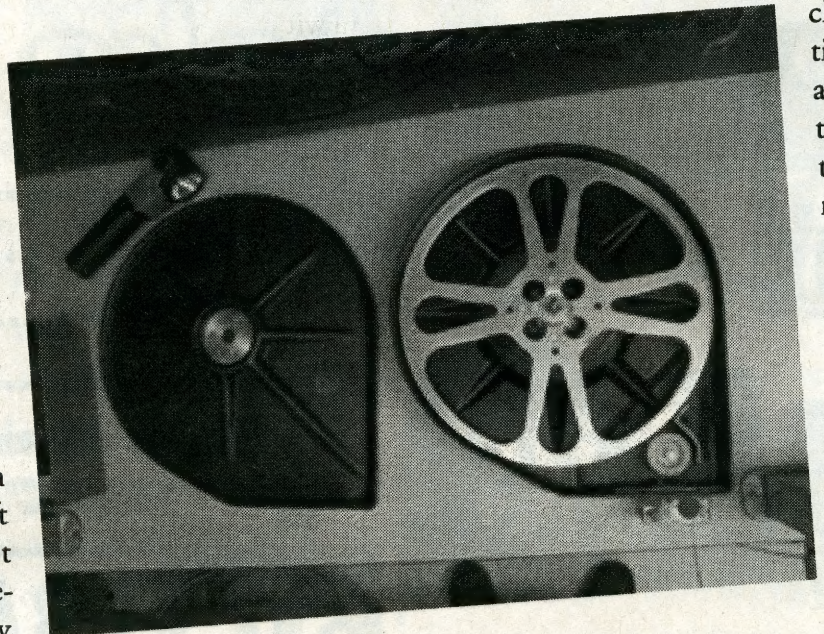
The Process

By Alyska Bailey



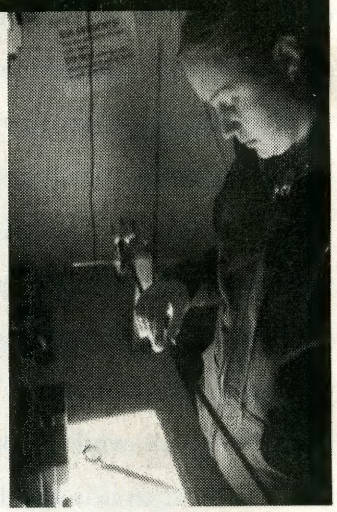
Every Monday morning, the water starts running, the machine heats up, and at least three people ask me what that infernal buzzing noise is and whycan'timakeitstopnowplease?

Three small rooms, tucked away in an inconspicuous corner of the second floor of Vilas Hall are home to UW-Madison's 16mm color film processing lab, a place unknown to many who wander the building's halls. Even to those who have taken film production classes in the department and gotten a tour, what exactly goes on at the lab remains a bit of a mystery.



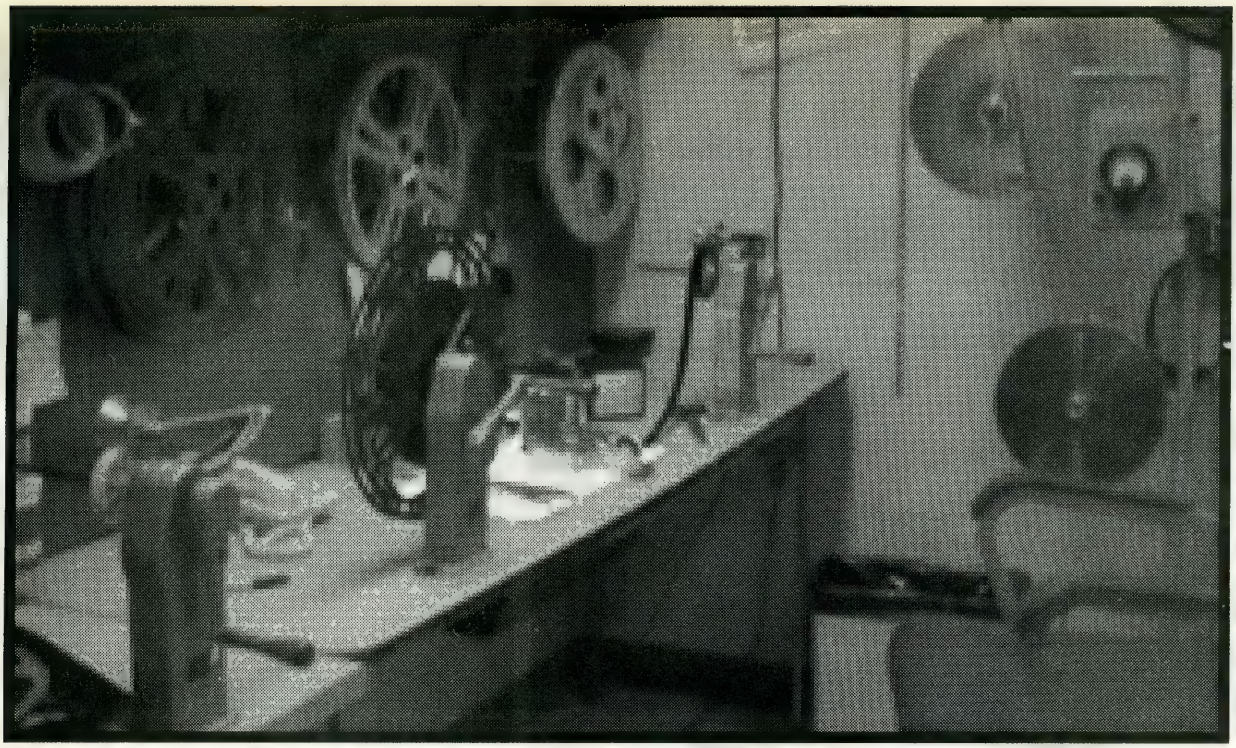
Film Magazines

When film arrives in the lab after being left in the drop box, a list is made of all film being processed that day, including any special processing (push/pull film, and workprint stocks, which have to be developed at different temperatures than normal film.) It's very important that all film dropped off for processing is clearly labeled, and has all the necessary processing information - film stock, footage amount, special processing instructions, any possible damage to the film - as our crystal ball has been a bit out of whack lately, and I hate returning film that's been mis-processed.



After every roll has been recorded and sorted by processing type, the lights go off and the processing technician assembles all of the small rolls with stapled splices into 2000-foot reels for processing. While assembling these reels, each roll is individually checked for torn perforations from camera problems and other inconsistencies that might cause a break in the film during the film run. Breaks during the run may ruin not only your film, but also someone else's, as the processor must be stopped while the break is repaired, so checking over the rolls carefully is very important.

At the beginning and end of each reel is clear blue leader, which is stronger than film, stands in the machine when it is not running, and since it can also be exposed to light, is used to change over reels during the film run without exposing the film itself. The reels, along with the blue leader, are



loaded into a light-tight magazine, and brought back into the light, where they can then be attached to the machine for processing. The machine room is also where the chemistry is mixed.

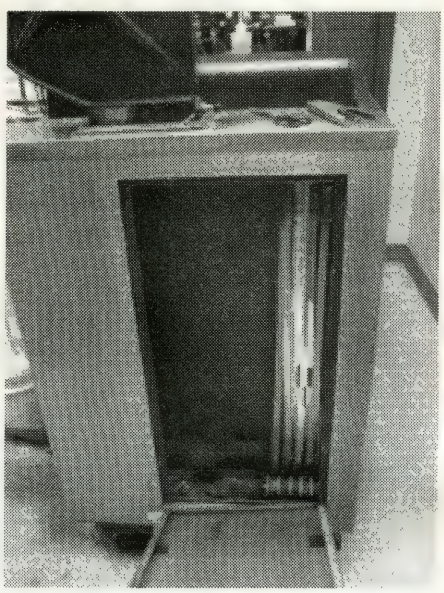
Once a run begins, additional magazines, or "mags" of film can be spliced on without stopping the processing machine. This is the result of the first (and possibly most handy) part of the processor - the Elevator.

When the end of the mag arrives, the film in the elevator begins to pull up on the elevator, making it rise. When the elevator passes a certain point a warning buzzer sounds, and the processing technician changes over the mags. While the mags are being changed, the elevator continues to rise. When the new mag is spliced on and attached to the machine, the reel within it spins, releasing enough slack for the elevator to return to the bottom of the processing machine, the buzzer to stop, and the run to continue.

Once out of the elevator, the film will then run its course over a series of rollers through 1st developer, stop bath, color developer, more stop bath, bleach, fixer, and stabilizer, before being sent through a dryer, and brought onto a take-up reel. For special process film like workprint or push/pull film, the 1st developer temperature is increased or decreased to allow for correct processing (six degrees for push/pull, ten for workprint.)

After the film has been processed, it's brought back into a room with a light table, where it is inspected as the reel is broken down and either returned to its individual film reels and returned to its respective filmmaker, or prepped for transfer to DV on the telecine. The inspection area is kept very clean, as free from dirt and dust as possible, and anti-static gloves are worn while breaking down the processed reels.

So there you have it, a few of the inner workings of the lab, start to finish. Stop in, say hello. I promise we don't bite.



The Elevator

Dancing With the Camera

By Jeffrey Gray Miller

I should start out with a disclaimer: I have a degree in Dance from the UW, in the rather esoteric sub-heading of "Inter-Arts Technology". My favorite part of what I do for a living involves the filming, editing, and designing of dances for the camera. So I'm not exactly an unbiased commentator...

Perhaps that is why I was so disturbed by the news commentator yesterday, interviewing a TV critic about the upcoming Oscar telecast. She opened the interview by announcing "Great news! This year there will be NO dance numbers!" She went on to explain that EVERYONE agreed that the dance numbers brought the entire show to a grinding halt, and they were so relieved to have the extra time to hear all the acceptance speeches.

"But wait!", I protested to the traffic around me. "You mean that in a year when eight nominations go to the triumphant return of the movie musical to the screen there is not going to be ANY dancing?" Perhaps so; I understand that at a recent educational conference the guest film critic and an attending choreographer had been quite vocal in their disgust for the choreographic elements of Moulin Rouge. "Not enough of the dancer was seen!" was a common complaint. "Too many cuts! Too blurry!" (Suddenly I'm hearing the Emperor telling Mozart "Too many notes!", but I digress).

I went back to review the dances on the DVD, and saw that yes, it was hard to see the dancers clearly. The mistake the critic had made, that is all too often made even by the choreographers themselves, is to confuse documentation with dance for the camera. There has been a lot written on the subject by scholars and artists such as Douglas Rosenberg and Sally Baines, but to be brief:

—Documentation is simply a record of a dance. It is proof that a chemical or electrical reaction took place while a camera happened to be pointing in the right direction during a dance performance. It is useful for preserving choreography, as an archive, as a rehearsal tool. It is NOT an accurate portrayal of the dance, any more than "Dad died. Girlfriend died. Mom died. Friend died. Uncle died. He died." is an accurate portrayal of Hamlet. In a sense, a choreographer is an editor, working in the medium of bodies, rather than film or video. Every decision is based on the medium of the performance, i.e. the STAGE, the live audience, the lighting...none of which will translate to the flat screen accurately. Perhaps this is why the Oscars have boring dance numbers; it is, basically, documentation of an event.

—Dance for the Camera, on the other hand, is a blending of the skills of a director of film with a choreographer. Baz Luhrman had a great choreographer, and was eminently capable of making a very aesthetically satisfying documentation of the dances in Moulin Rouge (if you don't believe me, get the DVD; he not only puts the re-edited dances on, he also gives you all the raw footage of the cameras to let you try and do better). But in an interview he commented that in the context of a movie the dances have to be edited to "serve the story—and nothing but the story." In the same way, dance for the camera has to be shaped to serve the lens, to evoke the same feeling for the audience but using a rectangle a fraction of the size of the stage, with only two dimensions. He didn't try to accurately re-create the Can-can; instead he used pop icons like Madonna, Kurt Cobain, and Fat Boy Slim to convey the sense of cutting-edge, inebriated, sexually-charged nightclub atmosphere of the Moulin Rouge. He was evoking a feeling of a place, rather than documenting it, or as my first drama teacher kept yelling: "Show, don't TELL!"

Dance for the camera opens a whole new range of possibilities, fulfilling some of the most control-freakish impulses of any director. You can't blur a live audiences' vision, but you can use soft focus in video. Conveying intimacy on a stage is incredibly difficult—maybe a solo and spotlight and stillness could achieve it, but it's

HARD. But with a camera you can do a closeup...and suddenly the choreographer has a whole new range of body parts to work with, facial expressions, the ability to slow down, speed up, or even freeze a movement. From Loie Fuller through Maya Deren, Hilary Harris, Bill Viola, and others, the vocabulary and range This is why I love video dance—it's EXCITING.

What's that? You've never heard of those people? OK, perhaps we should talk about dancing with bullets...John Woo, before going into video, was a choreographer and dance teacher. Think about the job title "fight choreographer." Think about how many terms used to describe editing are related to motion, terms such as "pacing" "cross-fade".

Basically, any movie is a long choreographic process, with the director setting the actors to a verbal and musical score. An awareness of the techniques used in good dance for the camera (Bill T. Jones' work is a shining example, as well as the work of Wisconsin's own Douglas Rosenberg) can be an inspiration to fillmmakers of all genres.

And maybe, just maybe, we could even do the Oscars right....

Jeffrey Gray Miller is director of satorimedia, a Madison-based multimedia production company. His dance for the camera work has been seen in the U.S. and internationally. He has collaborative work with artists and choreographers throughout the U.S. as well as the UK and Portugal. Currently he is part of the Association for Dance and Performance Telematics, working on live dance for the camera via the internet. For more info, see www.satorimedia.com.

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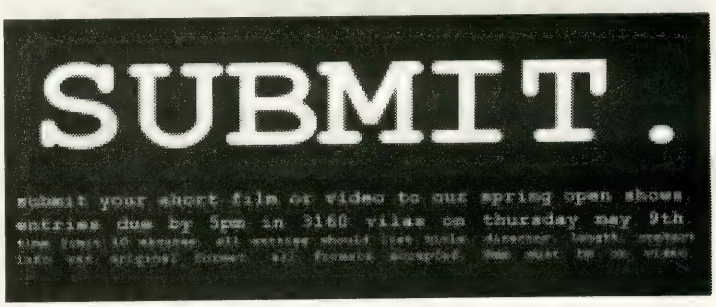


Midwest Repertory Home for Indies and Revivals: The Gene Siskel Film Center, Chicago

By Colin Cameron

One day last November when I was at the Art institute of Chicago for the Van Gogh - Gauguin show, I wandered back to the area of the School where the Film Center used to be. I had to ask what had happened as I had no idea it had been transferred to 164 North State Street.

It's a quick hike, easy to get to, that's for sure— and centrally connected to parking, such as the one at 20 E. Randolph. The theatre itself is located on the second floor: you have to walk up a grand staircase, which allows you to look at the names of the many corporate and individual donors involved on the wall plaques. It's quite the civic accomplishment: many people from disparate sources are involved, and this portends well for continued diversified programming.

Once up, you see the very interesting hallway, with lots of movie posters advertising films you've not been able to see. It's a pleasant if new atmosphere, with nary a trace of sterility like you often find at a mall cineplex.

In March, for instance, some of the extended runs included a French-German film, "Missing Allen" (2001) which is about the Chicago documentary maker who disappeared, Allen Ross; and a French film of 2000 by Robert Guediguian, "The Town is Quiet." Also being exhibited recently were "The Adventures of Prince Achmed" (1926) and "The American Astronaut" (2000) so catholicity of film type is much in evidence.

The monthly publication sitting around which you may scan, The Gene Siskel Film Center, generally has notes by people like Barbara Scharres, the Director of Programming, or her Associate, Martin Rubin. I have known Barbara for ages, and her knowledge is encylopaedic. These intro notes are priceless in knowing whether or not you'd care to make the trip into the Loop to see a film.

I was quickly signed up to be a member, as it gives you a number of freebie tickets. And, always, members get their tickets at half-price after their freebies are gone: this works out to a ticket price of $4.

Not bad in today's economy. Plus, if you want to joint at a more elaborate rate, you get asked to showings of new films and even get to schmooze with the production people, or at least get to query new directors, for instance, in q and a sessions.

The film I saw that day was on Van Gogh, and it was a fine color documentary which I'd not heard of before. It was carefully selected for its use in telling the public about the Art Institute show— a symbiosis which strikes me as very smart programming.

A March series was devoted to Peter Sellers. Here, eleven of his films including a little-known film, the unreleased drama which he acted in in 1973, The Blockhouse, were shown. A fine rarity to program.

The Bunuel series goes through April and into May, with such pictures as Belle de Jour; Tristan; The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie; and That Obscure object of Desire, which unspools May 3 and 7.

Gypsy Music Movies had their own series in March, as did Hong Kong! which was undoubtedly choreographed by Ms.Scharres, who was the first curator to tell me that this was the wave of the future. Now I can certainly believe her.

You can get all the forthcoming listings by logging online at: www.siskelfilmcenter.org

Do consider a visit to this new repertory house; the comfortable seats, with plenty of space between rowsin the theatre are but one of the many specially thought-out attractions of this place. Better yet, think about joining if you can get into the city four times in a year. At any rate, tell your friends and go down with a car— you could do the Art Institute, the Field Museum and several others on the CityPass (6 attractions)— on a week-end, and ALSO see some unique titles at this very welcome new venue. Buongiorno, Gene Siskel Film Center.

Student Shorts at the Wisconsin Film Festival

By Martha Monroe

Scrap metal sculpture, eighties haircuts, and beer-battered fish all share screen time in the Student Shorts categories of the Wisconsin Film Festival, part of the Wisconsin's Own series. The two programs showcase the best in innovative filmmaking from the students here at Wisconsin schools.

Of particular interest in this year's student films is the involvement of the award winning filmmaker Tony Buba, the Arts Institute artist-in-residence last fall. The majority of the student films entered in the WFF are the outcome of two classes on documentary filmmaking taught during Buba's tenure at the UW; one on "Personal Documentary" which he said he wanted to be "self indulgent and obsessive" a way of reaching the "universal through the personal", and another about "Wisconsin Life" that sent groups of students out into the field to document subjects unique to Wisconsin.

Some of the films from the both classes included in the WFF line up are: Joshua Moise and Jude Javier's Supermax Wisconsin, a socially conscious film about the maximum security prison in Boscobel that Javier says "tries to make people aware of some of the darker realities of society," The Mullet, by Jesse Johnson, Paco Bertsch and Erik Figi, a humorous exploration of what Johnson calls "the gray area of the controversial haircut"; Alyska Bailey's Evermore, Forevermore, about a myth-making sculptor and his "art park" off highway 12, Chocolate-Coffee-Nicotine which filmmaker Kate Love says is an examination of "addiction and the process of a fix"; Meeting Uncle Mark, a film that attempts to document the personality of filmmaker Emily Rumsey's late uncle Mark, a film she said "was originally intended as a gift for my Father", and the gastronomic offerings: Baklava by Catherine Gartelos, a project that traces, as she puts it, her "Greek family traditions through something as simple as a pastry recipe", and Friday Fry-Day from Amanda Dosch, Jim Fetzer, Natasha Plecas and Melissa S. Wollering that explores the state obsession with fish-frys, which Wollering defines as the "most "Wisconsin" of Wisconsin culinary traditions."

In January Buba screened these and the other films from his classes to a packed house at the Pittsburgh independent film venue Film Kitchen. Buba said that the reception was overwhelmingly positive; "the audience thought it was an amazing body of work, some said that it was better than any thesis project."

When asked about the importance of film festival exposure for student filmmakers Buba said that encourages students to get their films "out there" as soon as possible. Screening in front of an audience is "a way to judge yourself against your peers and get feed back. It also can be a really painful process. You just have to remember that it is critique not criticism."

The classroom time with Buba also produced strong relationships. Buba, who will try to make it to the festival if his schedule permits, said that he had a great experience here at the UW. "If I could have a group of students like that every time, I'd teach forever. It was really an honor. - In a lot of classes I have taught the students didn't take it seriously as I wanted - I was really impressed with how hard everyone worked, how strong everything was. The weakest stuff from the students here was better than most of what comes out of other classes." The student comments were equally as positive: "He was truly an influential person and the best teacher I've had at this university" said Melissa S. Wollering, and when asked whether Buba will be a permanent influence on her filmmaking style Alyska Bailey replied with "a resounding yes."

Checkout the full line up on the web at www.wifilmfest.com

Come to the screenings: Student Shorts Program I: Variations on Youth. Thu, April 4th, 5:00 pm - order code SS1

Student Shorts Program II: Midwestern Life. Sat, April 6th, 11:00am - order code SS2

Both at the Fredric March Play Circle.

Thinking of the General

By Emily Rumsey

Once in a great while, for a fleeting moment, I find myself jealous of business, pre-law, and pre-med students for the following (obvious) reason: they seem to have it all laid out for them once they get their degree. Yes yes, med school is very hard and the bar exam is very hard and all of that. But if they make it, they're in. Their career is in the can.

It just doesn't work this way in film school, in my little world of unpaid gopher internships and do-it-yourself health insurance plans where even "making it big" means that you puddle jump from gig to gig. Sometimes I find myself feeling uneasy - anxiety ridden, even - worrying that walking into the dream of a film job will mean waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat over the screenplay I'm writing or the budget I'm proposing or the film going in for processing or the... or the... or the..... But that's half the attraction of the biz, so I hear: flying by the seat of your pants, 200% of the time.

I find it easier to accept this line of dreaming if you know someone who has actually done it, because riding on the coattails of someone else's risk is a great way to keep yourself going in those doubtful times. So when I'm into the graveyard shift of an 18 hour student film day, or making a bank transaction that I know will turn groceries into film, I think of The General.

My dad and his brother, Mark, are my coattails for now. In the late 70's, my dad was finishing up his residency at Hennepin County General Hospital in Minneapolis and Mark was just getting out of film school, living in Chicago. During one of Mark's trips home to Minnesota, he was visiting my dad at the hospital while a medical crisis broke out: a local nursing home had burnt down, and nearly every elderly resident inside came out with injuries, of varying severity. The fire brought in so many patients that hospital bystanders-including Mark-were dressed in scrubs and instructed how to aerate wounds while the nurses and MD's took care of the more critical cases. Both my dad and Mark were kept running all night long; when they met up again the next morning, the first words out of Mark's mouth were, "we've got to make a movie about this place."

My dad leapt at the opportunity to share this creative endeavor with his brother, even with a budget of $0; to get the ball rolling, my dad took out a $10,000 loan to buy film (this was on top of his several 100K dollars of med school loans, and on a resident's minimal salary). Mark got a few film buddies in on the project, and headed to Minnesota three days before "the big move." Hennepin County General-historically the first county hospital in Minneapolis-was being torn down and moved to a brand new facility across the street. Documenting the hospital, the move, and the new building with two 16mm Arriflex cameras, the five man crew shot The General and stashed it in the refrigerator for a year. The ten grand had dried up and there wasn't a cent left for processing.

My dad had re-mortgaged my parents' tiny 2-bedroom house and his rusted out Ford Bronco in order to scrape up funds. A year after shooting, he sent Mark $2000 more for processing, and post-production could begin. Now $12,000 in the hole, the guerrilla filmmakers threaded a rough cut up through the projector to show it to hospital moguls.

The same day my dad was granted a $10,000 check from the hospital. They had enough money to cover most of their losses and finish up the project. My dad researched and co-wrote narration for the film, and Mark flew out to Washington DC to record The General's orator, Hubert Humphrey (for you non-MN people, a senator from Minnesota and the vice-president under Johnson). After all is said and done, The General documented a piece of history - medical, emotional, and communal - for the city of Minneapolis. So while Spielberg, Scorsese, and Lucas might be some film students' heroes, mine are Tim and Mark Rumsey. They just picked up a camera and shot a great story, putting all nest eggs on the line. When they started, they had no idea that The General would still be screened once a month at the hospital, twenty-five years later, as it is today. But they dreamed that it would.

Joe Beres Bolts Madison

By Colin Cameron

Well, not exactly like he was shot out of a gun. The truth is, our always-active former chair and co-chair of the Independent Film and Video Collaborative is moving to Minneapolis to work at the Walker Art Center. He joins his s.o., who has been there for some time now working in the city:

Joe says that far from having seen the end of him, that he will continue to work with the Wisconsin Film Festival, and to maintain many friendships in the film-vid worlds here.

During his years in Madison, first as a film student, and Comm Arts person, Joe was very much involved with everything the IFVC ever put together, including many issues of this magazine. Later, he was co-chair of the IFVC with Austin Alward, and then the chair-- and also later its advisor.

Among many other activities, he did duty at the student Film Store, he tended to the technical aspects of film students' equipment needs, and he worked doggedly on many people's projects in various capacities. As well as being a well-known film-maker himself, he was also an excellent and trusted projectionist, and knew the equipment at 4070 blindfolded. It makes good sense that one of his largest duties, thusly, will be to project at the Walker.

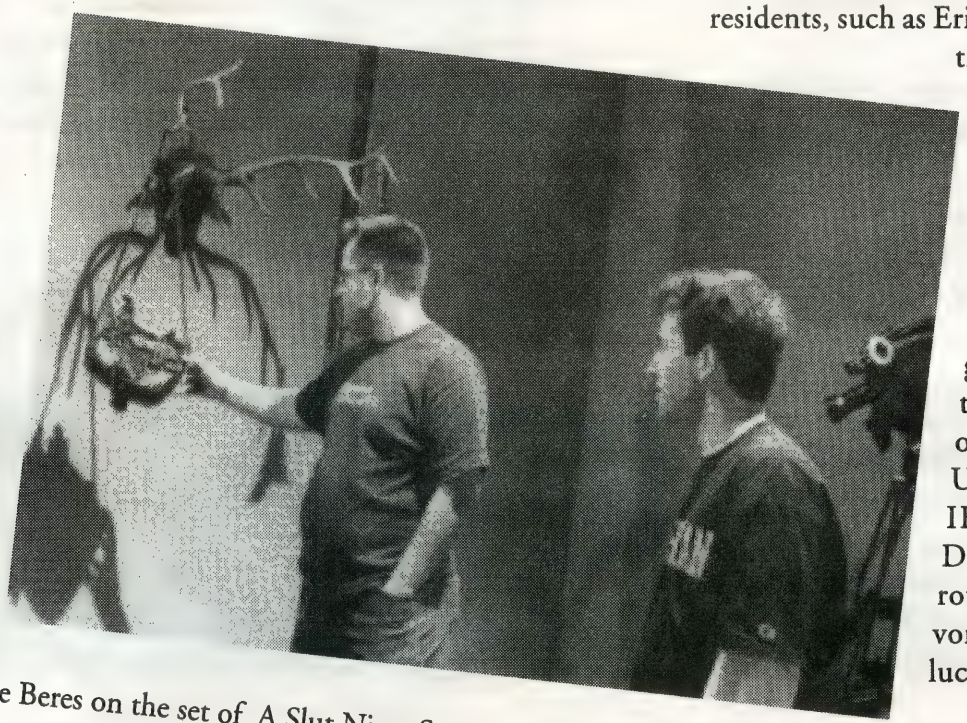
Inquiring Reporter: Joe, what's the scoop on your new job?

Joe: "I will essentially be doing very similar things to things I'm doing here. They have extensive film and video equipment, and I'll be working with all the technical needs and responsibilites that pertain to them."

Reporter: What will you miss most about Madison?

Joe: "I'll miss more than anything else the people, the ones whom I've established relationships with. Of course Madison is great because you can walk everywhere, but I'll miss the people most-- the permanent residents, such as Erik Gunnesen, the Comm Arts folks, the Cinematheque, and the Film Festival personnel. But of course I hope to continue,especially with the Film Festival, even though it's from afar."

Reporter: Joe, we know it's not long before you return here on one good mission or another, but certainly we want to congratulate you on your accomplishments at the UW, with the Department, the IFVC, and many other groups. Dosvedanya (Joe knows this means roughly good-bye in Russian, his favorite film language) and much good luck.



Joe Beres on the set of *A Slut Nixes Sex in Tulsa.*

Really Geeky Review: Monty Python and the Holy Grail Special Edition DVD

By Eric Oehler

Monty Python and The Holy Grail is one of those rare movies that has transcended mere cult status into something of a cultural icon. It is rare to find a pale, bespectacled computer professional who can't recite every line from the film, and it's equally rare to find an "intellectual" high school student who can't do the same. It's a movie that's been bootlegged for generations, shown at numerous parties and conventions, released a few times, and just generally lived on well beyond the expectations of the creators.

So... how can the Pythons stir up enthusiasm for this movie again, 25 years later?

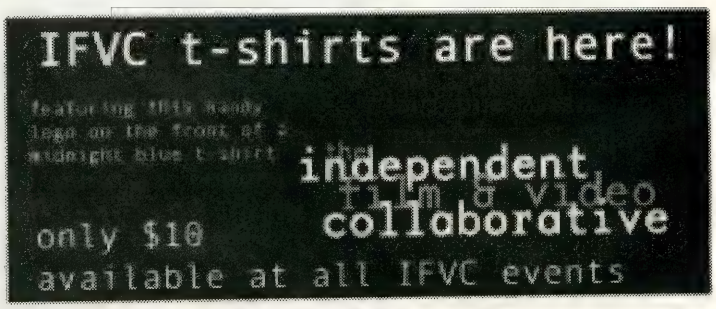
> "Bring us Bonsai!"

Well, really they don't have to do anything. Nerds, Geeks and associated hangers-on would buy a new release of the film if they had merely changed the cover art. But Monty Python doesn't skimp in this way - when they release a "special edition", they go all out. The Criterion Edition of the arguably superior film "Life Of Brian" included several unused (pre-dubbed) scenes and hilarious commentaries by the various players. Something like that would've been enough for Holy Grail. They did more... much more. I'll get to that in a bit.

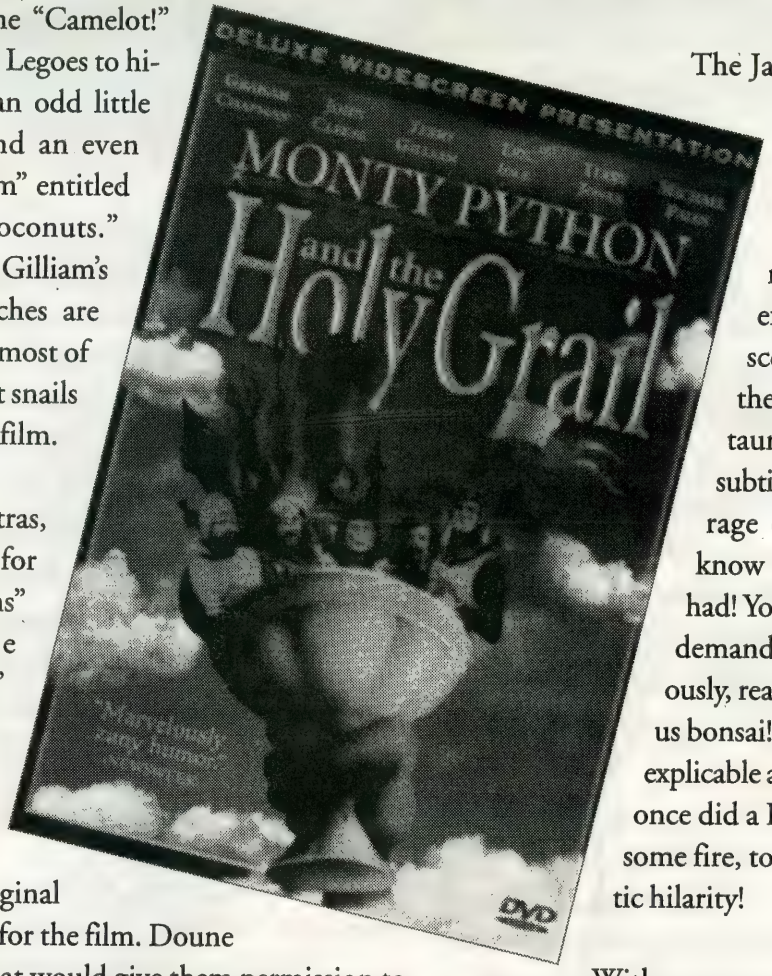
The nitty-gritty of any DVD is the picture and sound. The first, not-so-special release of Holy Grail was nothing to write home about, since the transfer was from a faded print and the sound was in the original glorious monaural sound. This new version is transferred from the original negative, and it shows. The previously greyish tint to the whole movie is replaced by bold color, and the early incarnations of Gilliam's over-the-top cinematography become evident. The sound has been remixed into Dolby 5.1, as best it can anyway - the songs are taken from Neil Innes's master tapes in stereo, the voiceovers have been re-tracked, and the mono audio track has been mixed into stereo. It's not glorious theater-rumbling surround-sound, but it's pretty nifty since it previously had never even been in 2-track stereo before. For purists, an option exists to listen to the film in mono.

The "special" of this special edition exists in the form of extras. There are a lot of extras - most of the first disc and a whole second disc of extras. On the first disc in the film itself are 24 seconds of footage excised from the original film, commentaries by Gilliam and Jones with insults and complaints by Cleese, Palin and Idle, normal subtitles, subtitles for people who don't like the film (the text of Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part II), and a running screenplay. That's a lot for one disc. Oh, but there's more.

On the second disc, the standard theatrical trailer is included in its original and rerelease forms (there's no difference between them). There's a "How the Director's Recce Was



Spent" documentary, which consists of Gilliam and Jones doing commentary on "location scouting" while various stock footage of vacation getaways plays. "The Holy Grail in Lego" is included as an extra - a small digital studio filmed the "Camelot!" scene with stop-motion Legoes to hilarious effect. There's an odd little BBC documentary, and an even odder fake "training film" entitled "How to Use Your Coconuts." Page after page of Terry Gilliam's original animation sketches are also available, although most of them seem to be of giant snails that don't appear in the film.



The real gems of the extras, though, are the "Quest for the Holy Grail Locations" documentary and the "Japanese translations." The documentary follows Palin and Jones as they wander through the highlands of Scotland looking for the original locations that were used for the film. Doune Castle, the only castle that would give them permission to film, now recognizes their import to the cult film (and that about 50% of their tourists come for that reason alone) and rents coconuts to tourists. Jones reveals what really clever bits of set design were required - with every castle scene from the wedding banquet to Prince Herbert to the Castle Anthrax taking place not merely in the same castle, but the same three or four rooms, additional angles and decorations were often needed to make them seem appear as entirely separate locations. The inside of "castle Arrgh" is quite anticlimactic, as it's a rather nice modernized home for a Scottish lawyer and his family.

The Japanese translations (previously available on the Criterion Laserdisc) explain both why the film didn't do well in Japan, and also explains why much of Japanese culture is inexplicable to westerners. Two scenes from the Japanese dub of the movie are included, the french taunting and the Knights of Ni, resubtitled into English. The entire barrage of french insults becomes "I know what kind of upbringing you had! You have bad parents!", while "we demand a shrubbery" becomes (obviously, really, if you think about it) "Bring us bonsai!" Other translations are just inexplicable and don't make any sense - never once did a Knight of Ni say "And bring us some fire, too." Pure cross-cultural linguistic hilarity!

With so many extras, with a great print and sound, and with such uber-geeky appeal, there's little reason not to own the special edition DVD. Unless you didn't like the movie in the first place. I suppose that could be a good reason. But if you did like the movie, then right, there's no good reason to not own this. Unless maybe you don't have a DVD player. Well, then, save up for a DVD player, then buy a copy of the special edition. Problem solved.

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"Sur mes Levres"

By Torunn Anderson

Once there was this girl... Sounds like the beginning of any story, any film. Only "Sur mes Levres" is not any film.

Because Carla Bhem (Emmanuelle Devos, winner of the Cesar for Best Actress) is not any girl. She is of average appearance and deaf without her hearing aids. Which takes her, from the perspective of the world, from average to useless. Carla is trampled on by the boys club that runs her workplace to the point where her boss finally decides that she needs help. The help that Carla wants is a male, someone gentle, kind, with nice hands. What she gets is Paul, homeless, just out of prison, and on parole. Carla gets Paul a place to stay and Paul gets Carla her small pieces of revenge. And then bigger things come, things where Carla has to pay Paul back...

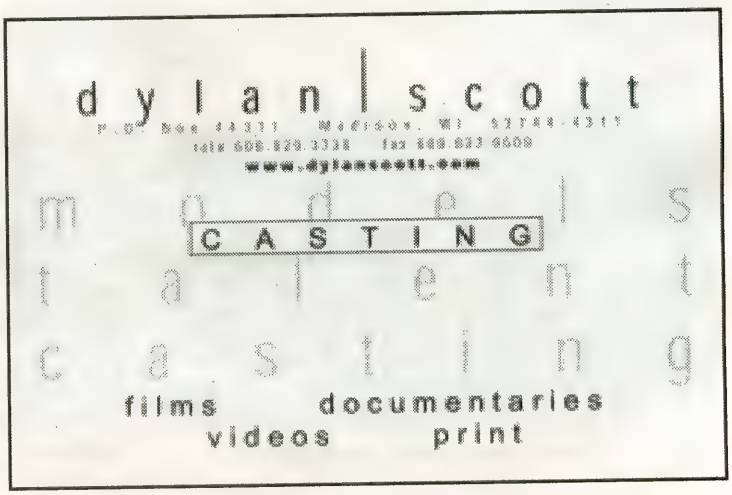
"Sur mes Levres" is a quiet film, though it uses a plot worthy of Quentin Tarantino or Oliver Stone. There is the violence, the swearing, the fist-fights that bring blushes of blood across the protagonists' faces. And if you stop to think too hard about it, you know that it's a plot that you have heard one thousand times before. But when have you heard the slap of a fist against flesh muted by a hearing aid that's been turned off?

The sound in "Sur mes Levres" is fluid. It moves like the tide. In accompaniment, the views and colors are soft and flowing. Water color images that blend one into another as Carla and Paul meld her day life to his of the night.

There is beauty in understanding Carla. We learn to speak her language. Terrified of being shackled to the label her disorder accords her, bulldozed by her life in order to be gentle and average and normal, a friend to her friends, a worker at her work, Paul gives her a sign to follow as he shows her the harder sides of life. And slowly, Carla's prison opens.

Still, Carla isn't the only one who is saved. Paul is as trapped as she is. He is stuck in a class and a stereotype, skill-less, dependant on what he knows. And what he knows is hitting the other guy first and harder. Carla is for him just an end to the means. She has skills that he lacks. She helps him do things; have his life, have a job, find a place to stay, and live, but over the course of the film, she helps him more and more, becomes more and more important, gives him chances, opportunities, saves him. And slowly she turns into a person and not just an ability. That is the story of "Sur mes Levres." It is a story of a girl who takes off the labels and the stereotypes and learns to listen to her instincts. It's a film about a girl who learns to dance.

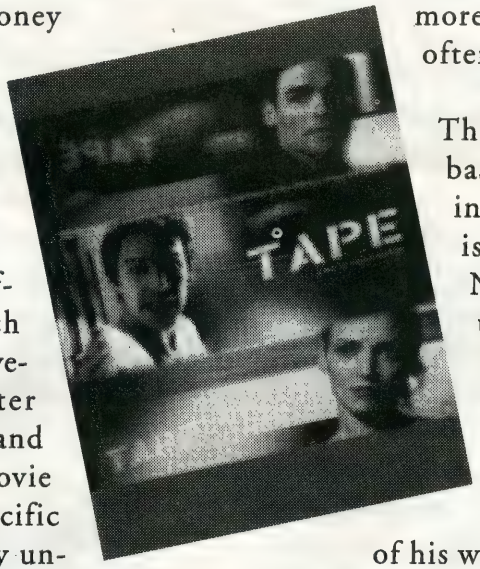
All the best of French cinema is represented in Jacques Audiard's little gem. The famous formula of show, don't tell, with just enough story left that keeps it moving, thus avoiding the traditional problem of exhausting, dragging scenes. Set up well from the start, with every moment a beautiful and important thread to complete the tapestry, it leaves you with the satisfied feeling that Carla has at least achieved her version of a happy end.



Richard Linkletter is the (Semi-Studio) Indie Director of the Year

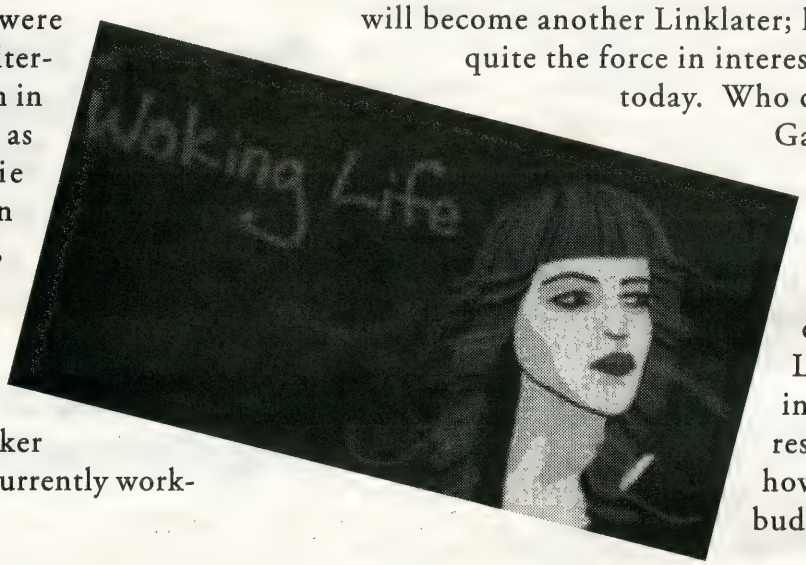
By Colin Cameron

Though Richard Linklater had two films come out in 2001, a major accomplishment for a director nowadays, neither one created exactly a thunder at the box office. Perhaps this was intentional: he doesn't care to make a lot of money when he is busier trying out new formats. And perhaps the video/DVD market is really where the payback is, over the years.



Yet, I felt that his completely different (and different from each other) new pictures, "Tape"— a live-action, one-set, three character drama taking place in real time; and "Waking Life"— an animated movie with much music informing specific scenes, were quite special: totally unexpected and very different from the norm.

"Waking Life" also had the distinction of using the tics and blinks and personal idiosyncrasies of real actors, with characterizations based upon the delivery (the voices were used without noticeable alteration) facial looks of certain in the Linklater stable such as Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy, who had starred in his earlier minimalist film, "Before Sunrise." All this blanket of innovational method, in my mind, certainly qualifies Linklater as the most daring filmmaker who gets his films released currently working.



While I have no idea what "Tape" cost— I loved its spare economy and very direct dramatic presentation. And, fortunately, the dynamite acting of Uma Thurman and Robert Sean Leonard was more than aptly complemented by that of often-overshadowed Ethan Hawke.

The stage play which its screenplay is based upon was viewed by this writer in January, and I can only say that this is the first time I have seen a play NOT "opened up" (which is really usually just another word for saying commercializing or ruining it) and this was certainly to its advantage.

Surely, the playwright, Stephen Belber, can feel that the integrity of his writing was entirely respected. It's an ingenious play and an admirable low-budget film, in the Dogma 95 fashion, without doubt.

I understand that Hawke's next low-budget film will be one filmed in late 1999; I look forward to his next efforts with great anticipation. I hope he will become another Linklater; he and Uma are quite the force in interesting film-making today. Who can forget her in Gattaca, or for that matter, practically anything she's been in. But any time they care to link with Linklater, I'll be interested in the result, no matter how microscopic the budget.

Help, I Think I'm OD'ing on Nostalgia!
(aka Dear Hollywood, Please Leave My Childhood Alone!)

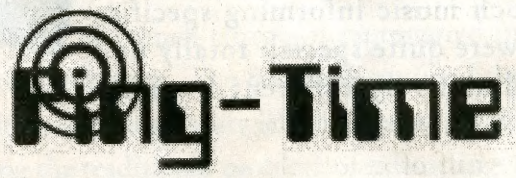
By Robin Schmoldt

I fear I am about to drown in a sea of imposed nostalgia. I shall surely overdose on a binge of "remember when..." moments. I grew up as a child of the "tv-as-babysitter" generation, spoon-fed a steady diet of Saturday morning cartoons, b-grade movie showings on the local UHF station, and reruns of bad 60s/70s/80s shows of every conceivable ilk. And now, it is quite the trend to take every single scrap of that very same retro entertainment and regurgitate it for the big screen. Is nothing sacred?

The touchstone of this resurgence seems to be **The Brady Bunch** movie, which hit theaters in February of 1995. Ok, I admit that **The Brady Bunch** mildly amused me. It was irreverent and self-referential. It was a good tongue-in-cheek exercise in maximized innuendo. However, its success at the box office touched off a maelstrom of re-makes. Studios were willing to throw anything up on the big screen in the hopes of snagging a finger hold on the wallets of those willing to take a $10-a-pop nostalgia-bender (popcorn not included). And, I for one, am crying uncle. Make it stop!

May I remind you of the painfulness of such remakes as **Godzilla** (eep!), **The Mod Squad** (ughhh), or **Psycho** (shudder). I loved old **Godzilla** movies...they were campy, funny as hell, and a good way to fill a rainy afternoon. The remake was a bloated disaster that should have been put out of its misery by the Crocodile Hunter. The Mod Squad was a cool, slick little slice of television fun. It allowed us to later forgive Aaron Spelling for tripe like "**Models, INC.**" The movie...well, it was just painful. Sadly, Spelling was even involved in the movie's production and couldn't save it from disaster. And, don't even get me started on the remake of **Psycho**. I'm sorry, Mr. Vaughn. You are no Anthony Perkins. Alfred Hitchcock probably rolled in his grave the night that movie debuted. And, now that I'm thinking about it, I want my $8 and 105 minutes of my life back for having seen it. At least the promotional shower curtain was amusing.

And, the torture isn't over yet! On the docket are a new slew of remakes as well. **Scooby Doo**, **Spider Man**, and **The Incredible Hulk** are all in various stages of pre or post-production. The jury is still out on just how good/bad these will be. I am not holding my breath. I've heard rumor that **Scooby Doo** is pretty bad. I have hope for **Spider Man**...the trailer looked passable. In my eyes, no one could ever match the hulking duo of Bill Bixby/Lou Ferrigno, so **The Incredible Hulk** redux will probably never top my must see list. But, the worst possible scenario in the land of remakes may come true. That's right.....**Knight Rider**. Revolution Studios is reportedly hoping to revive **Knight Rider**...the 1980's David Hasselhoff vehicle featuring a talking Trans Am named K.I.T.T. Hasselhoff is on deck as an executive producer. What screen time he'll have is not yet known. Hear that noise.....? That's the great big puking sound of another Hollywood remake.



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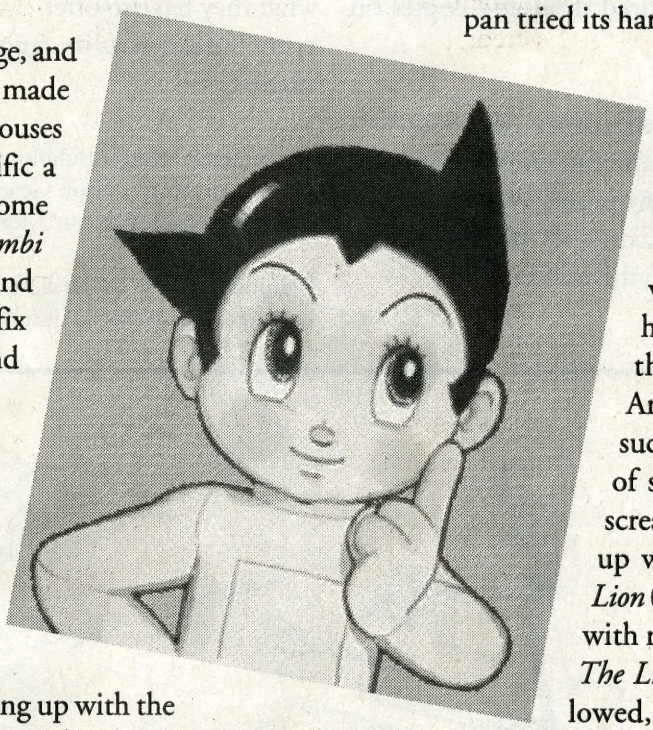
Coming to America: Anime in the United States

By Alyska Bailey

You've seen them on television, on the racks of your local video store, or, if you're lucky, you've seen them in all their chrome-mech and animated bouncing bosom glory on the big screen. Whether you've seen (and recognized) it or not, Japanese animation, or anime, has attracted a huge audience in the States, slowly moving from cult status to the mainstream, bringing many to realize that animated images aren't just kid stuff anymore.

While the youth audience is a large, and fairly lucrative one, the mistake made by major American animation houses was concentrating on too specific a target demographic. Once we come of age, we're not interested in *Bambi* and *Sleeping Beauty* anymore, and many are left to satisfy our film fix with live-action industry film and television products.



For some, this is where anime came to fill a niche - in Japan, more than half of its present day box office draw comes from animated films. They're not a genre, but rather a clever solution to the problem of keeping up with the Joneses (or, in this case, Hollywood.) In the animated world, anything is possible, without massive special effects budgets, so the industry in Japan began turning out animated feature films in a number of genres, becoming very popular with its filmgoing public.

Part of this stems from the storytelling tradition of manga, Japanese comic books, and their cultural stance - manga are regarded not as childinsh trash, but more on the level of how Americans treat the novel, creating a rich storytelling tradition that, as the technology became available, moved from two dimensions to three. Themes of anime are incredibly diverse, and cater to a number of different audiences - from wartime drama *Hotaru no haka (Grave of the Fireflies)* to the oft-mentioned, stomach turning *Chôjin densetsu Urotsukidôji (Urotsukidoji: Legend of the Overfiend)* - leaving something for everyone, and even those obviously aimed at a younger demographic, like *Bishôjo senshi Sailor Moon (Sailor Moon,)* have much more complex and sophisticated plotlines than their competition in the States.

Disney's domination of the animation market in the United States made it difficult for anime to break in, and thus Japan tried its hand on the smaller screen of television much more successfully.

Though few who watched it as children were probably aware, *Astro Boy,* child of the Japanese "God of Manga" Osamu Tezuka, was entirely Japanese of origin and had been redubbed for broadcast in the States when it debuted on American television in 1965. Its success paved the way for a number of similar series when its audiences screamed for more. Tezuka followed up with the series *Kimba, the White Lion* (many years lated sniped by Disney with no credit to Tezuka, and renamed *The Lion King.*) *Speed Racer* soon followed, one of the most-watched animated shows of all time.

With the turn into the 1980s, two series captured the attentions of an entirely new generation of fans - *Space Cruiser Yamato,* known here as *Star Blazers,* and Carl Macek's space epic *Robotech,* a conglomerated reinvention of three completely unrelated series. For a show the US market targeted at schoolchildren, *Robotech* contained fairly mature themes, dealing with issues in relationships, and often violence; it has often been referred to as an animated soap opera moreso than a cartoon, but one that those children who watched it, now grown, still consider one of their favorite shows.

(Cont'd on page 24)

Robotech and *Star Blazers* were noticably different than their American-made cookie-cutter counterparts, and audiences vehemantly demanded more. The arrival of the VCR helped make this possible. A vast underground network formed, and many that could took anime straight from japan, and subtitled it themselves, distributing them as "fansubs," often for free or the cost of the tape. This was not looked happily upon by a hungry capitalist America, and soon clever entrepreneurs arrived to serve the American audience.

Since the mid-1980s, anime has moved from underground cult status to a thriving mini-industry. In 1989, after his success with *Robotech*, Carl Macek released the now-classic sci-fi epic *Akira* to American arthouse theatres. It became anime's first blockbuster hit in America, selling thousands of tickets, and more than a hundred thousand copies on video.

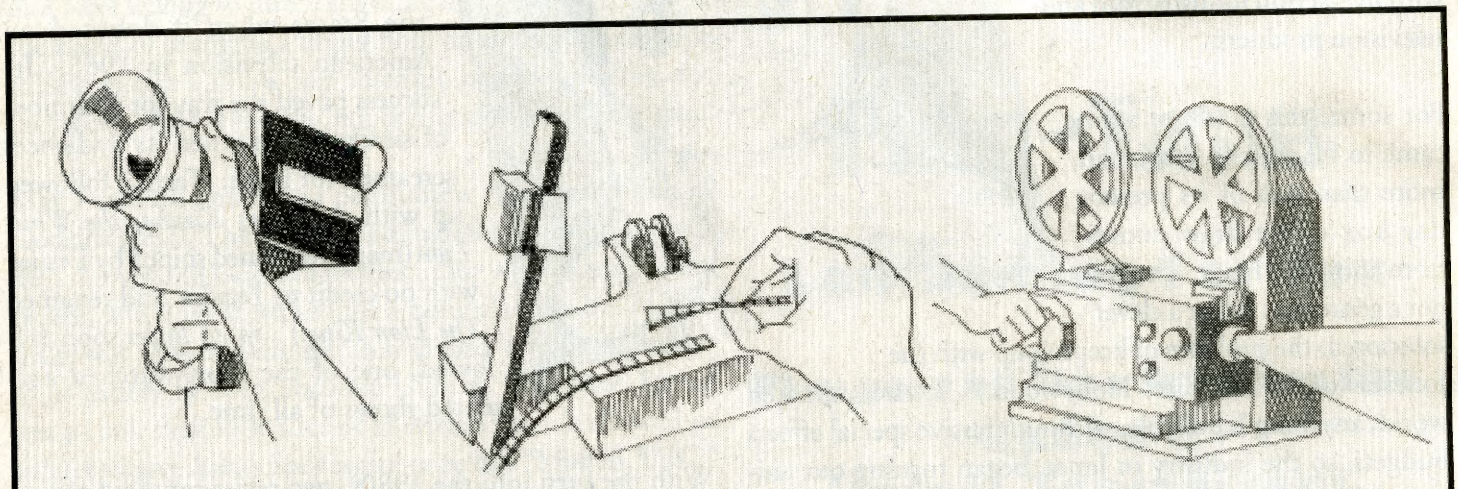
As the fans become more organized, conventions soon followed. AnimeCon, the first anime fan convention, was held in 1991, and since then, many others have sprung up all over the country, from NekoCon and AnimeExpo, to AnimeCentral and AnimeIowa in the midwest.

Disney first recognized its challenge in 1994, when Hayao Miyazaki's *Tonari no Totoro (My Neighbor Totoro)* was released stateside. Two years later, Disney bought the US rights to all of Miyazaki's works. Meanwhile, *Dragonball* and *Sailor Moon* joined the ranks of nationally syndicated television (and rumour has it that a major US studio just bought the rights for a live-action *Dragonball-Z* movie. Eek.)

With such an outpouring of support from a growing American audience, anime will hopefully continue to climb the ranks of moviedom (and television-dom) in the states, with a selection of titles available from Japan similar classic works and beautifully animated pieces like *Mononoke Hime (Princess Mononoke)* and *Kokaku kidotai (Ghost in the Shell.)* Until then, meander on down to your local video store and see what they have to offer. I won't guarantee it's all good (hey, every industry has its crap,) but I can leave you with a few suggestions.

Series: Tenchi Muyo, Bubblegum Crisis 2040, Cowboy Bebop, Serial Experiments: Lain, Neon Genesis: Evangelion, Macross Plus, Trigun, The Irresponsible Captain Tylor.

Features: Ghost in the Shell, Grave of the Fireflies, Akira, Urotsukidoji: Legend of the Overfiend (just because), Mononoke Hime.



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